

Good Morning 20

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

DOWN ON JELlicoe FARM

"Good Morning" staff-men get you interesting news and pictures of one woman's effort to "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before"



"DOWN on Jellicoe Farm" is a favourite saying in the Buckinghamshire agricultural world these days. And when folks mention Jellicoe Farm it is with a note of respect. I met Miss Alison Jellicoe, who is a member of the famous naval family, at the Aylesbury All-women's Brains Trust.

This very beautiful young lady, I thought, surely can have very little experience in farming, an industry that demands hardness and years of training.

However, as the meeting progressed I had good reason to change my mind, because Miss Jellicoe, in answer to the question, "What is the best way of setting about cultivating a derelict farm?" spoke for ten minutes, and in that time she told the audience exactly what she had done to 120 acres of utterly neglected land.

I visited the farm the following day and Miss Jellicoe's romantic story materialised before me.

I walked along a brick track and into a concrete courtyard. In front of me was a farmhouse, the roof was newly tiled, the windows were clean, and half covered by neat brown curtains. The brass door-knocker shone brightly and the paintwork was fresh-looking. This was the farmhouse—it might have been any suburban villa.

Walking round the farm, Miss Jellicoe re-told me the story of the last 18 months of her life—or the story of "Prune Farm." She left her father's farm in Oxford and took over 120 acres of absolutely derelict farm land at Quainton, a few miles out of Aylesbury. With the land went a ruin of a farmhouse.

She found it very difficult to get any help in her momentous task, but eventually Miss Nancy England, who was, before the war, a sculptress, and a few other friends came along to help, and things started to move.

The farmhouse was rebuilt, the muddy yards were concreted and every inch of the land was ploughed.

Even at this time local farmers were very sceptical. "She will never do it," they said.

Heedless of these discouragements, she plodded on, and, working every hour of daylight on the earth and many of the dark hours in her office, planning the following day's work, she was determined that she would win through.

Her devotion to mother earth was well-rewarded; she did win through; in fact, she came through with honours; every inch of her farm is at war, and now she plans to take on another 230 acres.

In one of the stables I met Miss Nancy England, she was scraping up manure from the floor. I wanted to ask her whether or not she would ever go back to sculpting. I didn't ask her, however, because I saw my answer in her face and in the enthusiasm she had for this unpleasant task. Miss England is foreman; she guides the other four land girls in the work. She told me that she was never happy unless she managed to do a little more work than the other girls.

Jean Walker was in a West-End branch of Barclays Bank a year ago, now she is a tractor driver and has never been happier than she is now with Miss Jellicoe. Her best friend



Miss Alison Jellicoe

is Joan Skinner, who also drives a tractor. Joan has taught Jean and the other girls quite a lot about farming because she was born on a farm and knows the tricks of the trade.

Back at the house again, I saw the library, where the girls sit in the evenings. There is a good collection of books there, the most thumbed being the Bible and some works of Shakespeare.

When the girls are not reading, they spend the dark hours debating and knitting for friends in the Forces, and some of them study such subjects as heraldry, languages and mathematics.

When I left the farm, Miss Jellicoe pointed to the brick path. "The girls made that," she said, "and we did it before our hands were hardened to heavy work."

Looking back I saw a farmhouse, a farmyard and fields of food. I thought to myself—"the girls made that, and before their hands were hardened to heavy work."



Top Picture: Land-girls loading up a farm cart. Centre: Miss Joan Skinner at the helm of a land-ship—she drives a farm tractor. Bottom: Eventide look-out for stray lambs, from a vantage point aboard a lorry.

I get around

By
RONALD
RICHARDS

AFTER nearly four years, Gracie Fields is to return to films.

She will star in the 20th Century Fox film "Holy Matri-mony." Monty Woolley will co-star.

Gracie has made a lot of money in America, and she has raised still more for charities. It will to some extent, I think, be something of a gamble, because Lancashire humour has very little in common with that in the U.S.



MISS GRACIE FIELDS

Her natural charm, however, should be the deciding factor. And I for one would back that even against my idol Bob Hope's super-wise-cracking.

PATHOS and the heroism of the Russian people may be found in the following paragraph, which I take from an evening newspaper:—

"Life is crawling back to the city of Stalingrad. Two bake-houses have been opened, and soon it may be possible to have a theatre."

MR. W. COX, whom I met recently at his corner of Oxford Street, thinks the black-out is a great idea.

Mr. Cox is a walking-stick maker, and the black-out has done his trade a lot of good.

In his cellar are thousands of rough sticks of oak, dog-wood, crab apple and black-thorn.

He does most of the trimming with a penknife, and the straightening is done over gas flames.

A speciality is officers' canes, loaded with lead and covered with leather.

Before the war, Mr. Cox told me, there were a dozen or more walking-stick growers in Britain, but now there are only three.

Most of his wood comes from the Sussex estate of Earl Winton.

MR. W. BROWN, a London journalist, bought a book recently at a London bookshop. He paid one shilling for a rather tattered copy of a work by Dickens. In the book he found a letter written 86 years ago and signed by Dickens. It was probably used as a bookmark by William Telbin, the English scene painter, to whom the letter was addressed.

A READER has written asking that newspaper readers in public vehicles might be a little more considerate by holding their reading material a little higher. It seems my correspondent sustained a fractured neck performing contortions to read the football results last week.

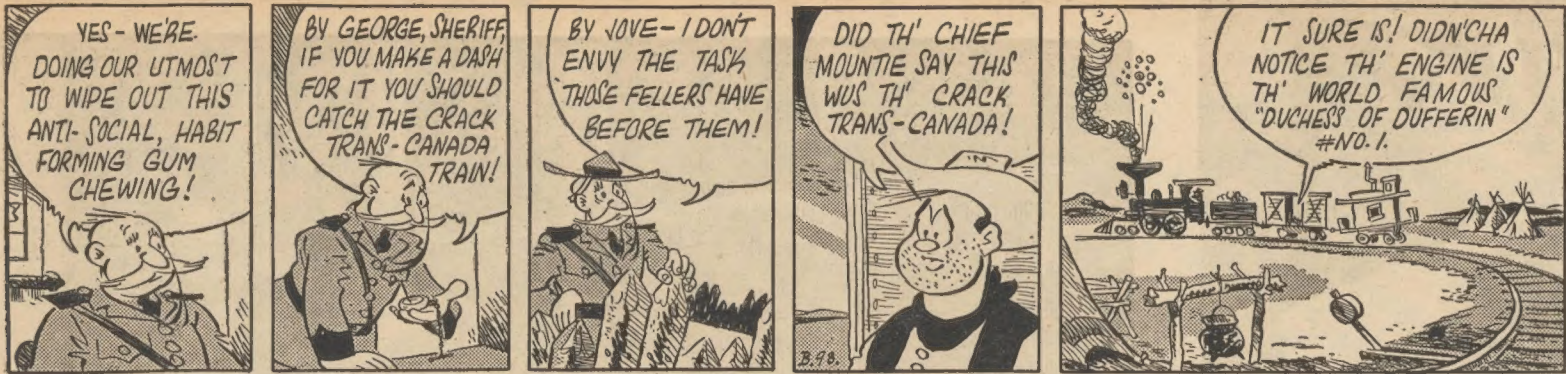
AN extract from the American magazine, "The Nation":—"The Eirean Publishing Company of New York is offering a book which, it is claimed, proves that the Bible was written by Irishmen and that Hebrew is only a dialect of Gaelic."

AT the Knightsbridge Studio Club the other evening, I met crooner Kay Harding. Remember Kay from her Harry Roy days?

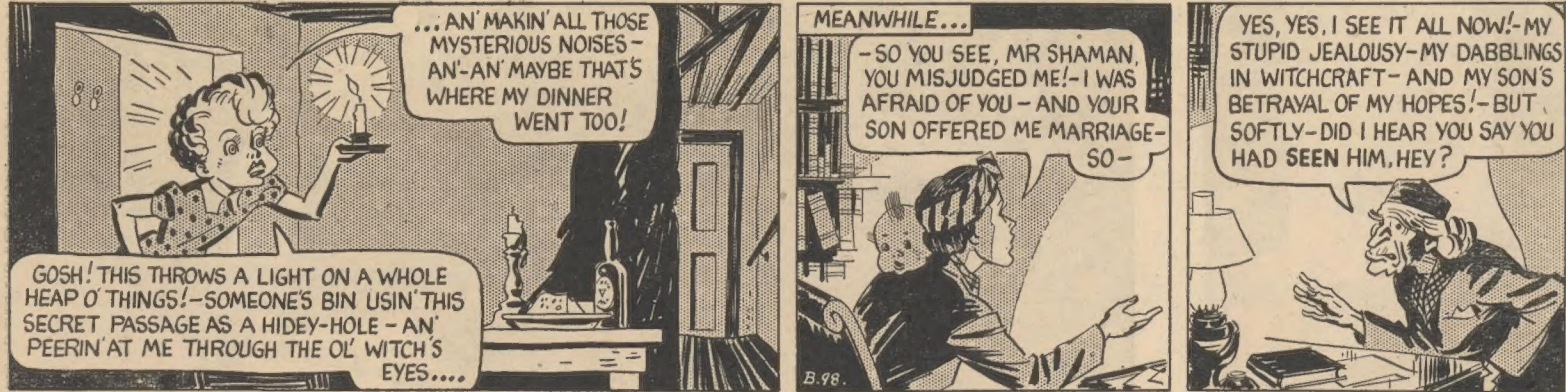
Well, that's all over now, she told me. Instead, she is going to settle for the quieter side of life in a resident cabaret. With me was a casting man from a film studio, and from a distance I watched their conversation closely. I know he has instructions to get her. And I didn't see her say no! So perhaps she won't be settling after all.



Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Check
Check
Check
Your 1-2-X

By JOHN NELSON

LET'S see how many of you would have won fortunes in the John Nelson Soccer Pool. The matches he gave you to forecast yesterday were actually played on October 8th, 1938.

These were the results:-

Division 1.

- Arsenal 2, Grimsby 0.
- Birmingham 0, Bolton 2.
- Blackpool 5, Chelsea 1.
- Brentford 1, Derby 3.
- Everton 1, Wolverhampton 0.
- Huddersfield 1, Aston Villa 1.
- Leicester 2, Liverpool 2.
- Manchester United 0, Charlton 2.
- Middlesbrough 1, Leeds 2.
- Portsmouth 2, Sunderland 1.
- Stoke 3, Preston 1.

Division 2.

- Blackburn 1, Sheffield Utd. 2.
- Bury 0, Bradford 1.
- Fulham 2, Millwall 1.
- Luton 0, Tottenham 0.
- Newcastle 4, Nottingham Forest 0.
- Norwich 2, Southampton 1.
- Plymouth 1, Burnley 0.
- Sheffield Wed. 3, Manchester City 1.
- Tranmere 0, Chesterfield 1.
- West Bromwich 3, Coventry 1.
- West Ham 5, Swansea 2.

Division 3 (South).

- Brighton 2, Ipswich 0.
- Bournemouth 0, Cardiff 0.
- Bristol Rovers 2, Reading 4.
- Clapton Orient 0, Watford 0.
- Mansfield 3, Southend 1.
- Newport 2, Crystal Palace 0.
- Northampton 2, Bristol City 2.
- Notts County 1, Aldershot 1.
- Swindon 2, Q.P. Rangers 2.
- Torquay 1, Port Vale 0.
- Walsall 1, Exeter 2.

Division 3 (North).

- Barrow 3, New Brighton 0.
- Bradford City 1, Oldham 4.
- Chester 5, Halifax 1.
- Doncaster 1, Crewe 2.
- Hull 0, Barnsley 1.
- Lincoln 3, Accrington 0.
- Rochdale 6, Darlington 1.
- Rotherham 4, Carlisle 0.
- Southport 3, Stockport 0.
- Wrexham 2, Gateshead 0.
- York 2, Hartlepool 0.

No claimants for the box of matches? Strike a light!

JOHN NELSON.

★ HEARD THIS ONE ? ★

The old chap was eighty-five and had gone to a doctor to be "vetted."

"Man, you're wonderful," said the medico. "What the deuce do you want to come to me for? Never seen a man more fit. How d'ye do it at your age?"

"Well, doctor," answered the old man, "when I got married fifty years ago, me and the wife made a pact that when I lost my temper she would go to her room while I cooled down, and if she lost hers, I was to get my hat and go for a long walk.

"Doctor, I've spent a hell of a lot of that fifty years walking in the open air."

It was bad luck which sent him in Arctic waters for his first patrol, but he stuck manfully to his job.

Somewhere between the Shetlands and Iceland was his vague address, but he continued to write to his mother, cheerful letters like this: "Dear Mother, everything is marvellous. We have six meals a day—three down and three up."

Little Johnny had been poring over the newspaper for some time. "I say, Dad," he exclaimed suddenly, "what are diplomatic relations?"

Father looked up from his book and shook his head sadly. "Diplomatic relations, son? ... I'm afraid I've never heard of one."

It was their first break ashore for months, and they were out to enjoy it.

Sitting in the country bar, they were doing full justice to their neglected thirsts.

"Where do you come from, chum?" asked one.

"Manshester," said the other.

"That's funny—I come from Manshester. ... Landlord, fill him a glass agen. ... I live number sixteen Shidney Shtreet."

"I live at number sixteen Shidney Shtreet, too. ... That's funny."

The landlord winked at the mystified customers.

"It's all right," he said. "They're father and son, but they're too far gone to notice it."

The widow was being escorted round the war graves in France in an attempt to find the spot where her husband was laid to rest.

After much careful searching, her guide, turning to her, said "I'm afraid we aren't going to be successful."

"Well never mind," was the lady's tight-lipped reply.

"I might have known. I never could find him when I wanted him, even when he was alive."

"My boy," said the sergeant to the junior member of his force, "you can't say I'm lazy. He bent his arm. Look at these stripes. I didn't get them by loafing about the streets and inside public-houses."

"No," answered the boy, "I know you didn't get them that way, or you'd be a zebra by now."

It was the tragedy of the black-out, and Paddy, the family pet, had been killed by a passing car. His little master was told gently of the accident by a sympathetic mother, but did not seem greatly upset by the news.

Later on he asked for Paddy, and burst out crying when told his pet was no more.

"But," said his mother, "you didn't seem to mind so much when I told you the first time." "I didn't know you meant Paddy," sobbed the youngster, "I thought you said Daddy."

The bus inspector boarded a bus—to find the conductor sitting at ease, smoking his pipe, while a flustered sailor dashed about, collecting fares.

"What's this mean?" he roared.

Between puffs, the conductor explained.

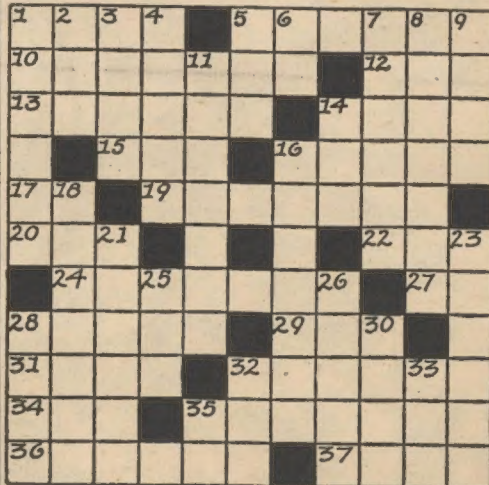
"Nothing to worry about, chum," he said. "That bloke's a stowaway. 'E can't pay 'is fare, so I'm making him work 'is passage."

"Two pints of ale, please," said the sailor.

They emptied their tankards with one swig. "Tain't bad beer, Bill," said the sailor. "LET'S HAVE SOME."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Mop. 5 Banters. 10 Apparent absurdity.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sudden efforts. 2 Pale. 3 Melody. 4 Fundamental. 5 Weight. 6 Former. 7 Looks pleasant. 8 Noble rank. 9 Scottish river. 10 Old men. 11 Because. 12 Cheer. 13 Contour. 14 Out back trees. 15 Over-moist. 16 Girl's name. 17 Warbles. 18 Packed closely. 19 Young animal. 20 Failure. 21 Drink. 22 Remain.

- 12 Chart. 13 Agreement. 14 Fervour. 15 Islet. 16 Evergreen shrub. 17 Towards. 18 Leapt. 19 Have late meal. 20 Female animal. 21 Business men. 22 Scholar's degree. 23 Poor districts. 24 Sort of neuralgia. 25 Very small. 26 Stand for. 27 Number. 28 Awkward worker. 29 Espoused. 30 Stop.

HIM AS GLOW
ENACT MOOCH
MULATTO RUE
RAKE ODDLY
SERENADE I
O I DRYNESS
VALET INTO
SE EDITED U
ERST SHRUGS
AGITATE ROE
LENS EMMETS

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



"Now don't go and tell him what we've been doing . . . pull yourself together and don't be so chicken-hearted."

Ginger Rogers spreads herself out. Yes . . . she may have squared the circle with that dress, but she's still 'the tops.'



This England . . .



You can tell who's got the money, can't you? The tall guy, and the little 'un just HAS to keep in with him. Carry BOTH the bloomin' spades, can't even use the other hand to point out what he'd buy if HE had the funds. Make up your mind, kid, make up your mind, the suspense is awful.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't care for Ginger-only Tabby"

